

Be a
Wise Woman!



Nemo

354

**AUTO-MASSAGE
SELF-REDUCING**

DEAR MADAM:

Here's the corset that does what you never believed any corset could do.

It not only gives you a more graceful and youthful figure, but gradually drives away the abdominal fat so that you are really smaller.

Proved by Test!

No. 353—low bust \$3.50
No. 354—medium
No. 355—high bust

We'd like you to try it and prove it for yourself.

"In-Curve Back"

Our latest model in Self-Reducing Corsets, and the greatest figure-reducing corset ever made. Two models:

No. 506—Broad bands of Lastikops Webbing, below the back steel, and laced down to the end, form our new "In-Curve Back". Very long skirt has four gorges of our new elastic Lastikops Cloth. A marvel of figure-control and comfort. Low bust; sizes 20 to 36—\$5.00.

No. 508—Same as No. 506, but with medium bust—\$5.00.

With Hip-Confining Bands

No. 319—Improved Self-Reducing front; broad bands of Lastikops Webbing across hips give modish "inlopes," long skirt, low bust—\$3.00.

No. 321—Same as No. 319, but with medium bust—\$3.00.

Lastikops-Limshaping

No. 406—Self-Reducing; elastic bands of Lastikops Webbing reduce upper limbs to natural size; very long skirt, low bust—\$4.00.

No. 408—Same as No. 406, but with medium bust—\$4.00.

Be On Your Guard!

No other corset gives you such style, comfort and wear as the Nemo.

If any dealer tries to sell you "something just as good," when you ask for a Nemo—

Be a Wise Woman!

—and go to a store that will sell you what you want.

KOPS BROS., Mrs. Nemo

BEE HIVE MARKET
Groceries, Meats, and Provisions.
Home Dressed Poultry.
1141 9th St. N.W. R. 2394
We Give Value in The World's Best Cuts.

Inventor of "American Beauty," Resident of Capital, Is Penniless

John Brady Developed Famous Rose While Gardener of George Bancroft, the Historian—Spent Life Perfecting Flowers. and To-day Picks Up Odd Jobs.

When men of distinction in a score of different professions gathered at the funeral of the late William R. Smith, the old Scotch superintendent of the National Botanic Garden, who died last summer, a shabby, bent old man with aered eyes and bowed head appeared in their midst. With a word to anyone he came to a corner, and wept with unmistakable suffering.

No one in the room gathered had a better right to mourn the great florist, for it was John Brady, the creator of the famous American Beauty rose. He is still living in Washington and he may be seen about the florist's shops where he picks up odd jobs for a living.

Gardener for George Bancroft.
The dreamer who works out a thing of perfect beauty with infinite patience and love, all too often loses his reward. But there is no story of this kind more pathetic than that of John Brady, the gardener of George Bancroft, the historian who spent a lifetime in perfecting a rose, and in his old age has not enough to buy one. The American Beauty which is the very badge of luxury, and the type of elegance, is the invention of Brady.

The rose was "created," as the phrase goes, in George Bancroft's famous garden, by the historian's erratic old English gardener, John Brady. It was a legacy to Brady at Mr. Bancroft's death, in token of long and honorable service, and of the fact that Brady had brought it to perfection only after years of incessant patience and labor, and it was sold for a pittance, but that is getting ahead of the story.

Once upon a time, in 1885, to be precise, after George Bancroft had returned from his long diplomatic service in Germany, and had settled down to a tranquilizing old age in his home in Washington, there grew up among the flower enthusiasts of England, America, and the Continent, a zealous quest for a red rose which could be made to bloom in winter.

Mr. Bancroft's ascendancy as a rose culturist in this country had been beyond dispute for half a century. His first faint stirrings of floricultural ambition had come to birth in Goethe's garden at Weimar, where his early chum had taken him from his studies at Göttingen.

Perfecting Rose Garden.
Twenty years later, having at length lived down the disquiet which attended his New England homecoming, when he had kissed a Harvard professor on both cheeks and lost for a time the complete approval of his own circle, he had perfected a rose garden at Northampton to which all Massachusetts came to do honor.

There followed his first diplomatic mission to England, at the end of which he spent much of his time in France, cementing fast friendships with Rachel, Lamartine and Mme. Chateaubriand, all of whom indulged his fondness for floriculture with cuttings from their gardens.

Then came his long residence in New York and Newport. Mr. Bancroft's general interest in the flower world became a matter of international knowledge, and when one of the surest ways to obtain the honor of a letter of introduction to Mr. Bancroft was to show a rose of a rare Japanese, he named his Newport home "Rosecroft," and he recruited the specimens in his garden from every famous rosebed in Europe.

Call from Mrs. Lincoln.
At the time of the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln despaired of pleasing herself in the arrangement of the White House garden, so she turned to Mr. Bancroft for help. This she received in such a good and flowing measure that, in acknowledgment of debt, she sent to the historian a splendid bouquet of Japanese. In reply he sent her that "for magnificence, the bouquet was the counterpart of Mr. Lincoln's brains."

What of official recognition then was still lacking for Mr. Bancroft's general interest in the flower world was supplied by Herr Bismarck, who so admired the American Minister to Berlin that he supplied him with roses and rose cuttings from the great Bismarck estate in Pomerania.

But all this while, despite the genial international co-operation of rose growers, diplomats, and statesmen, the red rose refused to grow in winter. His waterhouse laborer was in fact, after months of herculean work, a branch could be made to put forth a bud some fine morning, it was a sickly purple bud, and heaved by sundown.

Little yellow roses had thrived, time out of mind, and these, with camellias and japonicas, were the sole relias and japonicas, were the sole relias for winter decoration.

Moved to Washington.
Matters were in this state when Mr. Bancroft moved to Washington, bringing into his charming old house in Lafayette Square two trusted servants—Hermann, who came from Berlin, and John Brady, the gardener, from England.

John Brady was installed in the quaint L-shaped garden, which ran down to the Potomac, and he was instructed, among other things, to reap the glory of creating a tractable red rose.

The task was one which jangled with his own desires. The Bancroft garden was scarcely less a personal pride to Brady than to Bancroft, and both secretly believed that no praise of it could be really so extravagant. It became a redoubtable Washingtonian's most distinguished persons; how much so, one can guess from President Arthur's dictum that "The President is permitted to accept the invitations of members of his Cabinet, Supreme Court judges, and Mr. George Bancroft."

Verge of Success.
Dozens of times John Brady seemed on the eve of being able to announce the success of his red rose ventures. Once a friend from France brought Mr. Bancroft a cutting of a red rose called "Madame Ferdinand Jemais," which, although it had failed at home, was thought to have possibilities in an American climate. Brady nursed it along with a fair degree of conscientiousness, none too pleased, likely enough, that France had so much to boast of in this honorable business. But the little alien rosebush sickened and died, and was thrown aside, presumably at the end of its history.

Then came the shocking news from England that William Francis Bennett had won the red rose race. He had had an astonishing luck with his plants, and had finally established their hardiness and their permanence of color. Bancroft and Brady mourned in secret. True, there was still the American championship to be tried for, but the first careless rapture of success had been already captured.

Made New Flowers.

A rose culturist in New York had the good fortune to have time to make a new flower, which he named the "George Bancroft," but this was not compensation enough, either for the historian or his gardener. So back they went to the

seedling beds with renewed determination. In the face of such a touching faith and such abundant energy, the fates were bound to be kind. And so, as the winter months passed, the gardener brought Mr. Bancroft scurrying into his garden, to find that in a bed of white and yellow seedlings there stood a strange one. As if it had come to stay, its stem had a stiffness the like of which had never been seen. Its petals looked to have the hardihood to weather a hundred winters.

Where it had come from nobody could find out. It might have been a stalwart seed left from the scorned and discarded "Madame Jemais," and it might have been just that mysterious freak which the rose culturist has come to take for granted under the name of "sport."

At any rate, there it was, and it remained to be developed. **Started to Perfect "Sport."**

For it must be known at the outset that getting a whole bloom is the least of the rose culturist's troubles. In fact, it merely marks their beginning. All new brands of roses are grown from these curiosities called "sports." In a bed of seedlings, about once in an often, an orphan rose will appear which will bear no trace of its parentage, and will usually be found to have neither longeviti nor the ability to reproduce after its kind. Its seeds will revert to type.

So John Brady set forth on the uphill climb to perfecting his little red "sport." In due time he did it. And when he had three bushes which he could personally guarantee to reproduce after the original pattern he placed one in the garden where they would like best to be seen. He had not long to wait for the clamor of approval. Guests for tea in the afternoon would belong to our Mr. Brady, and they would be sure to bring Mr. Brady for a "private view" of the coveted red rose.

"Oh, that must be Bancroft's new rose, the English Beauty," said the first woman to try it.

"Not at all, madame," said Brady proudly, "that is the American red rose."

"Then it is the American Beauty," said the lady, not to be outdone. And then there the name originated, and not all of Brady's stormiest persuasions could ever dislodge the rose's maker had already decided that it should be named for Judge Hagner, a warm friend of Mr. Bancroft, and Brady's bright particular star, and to have the choice of the name of the christening ceremony swept out of his reach at one fell swoop would have tried the patience of a saint.

Brady finally made the best of it and contented himself with assuring Judge Hagner that things would have been different if he had had any say in them.

From this time on, however, the history of John Brady and his precious rose begins to take a somber turn. Mr. Bancroft died in 1891, bequeathing the American Beauty to Brady as a testament to his affection and appreciation. The famous gardens passed into other hands, and Brady moved with his large and hungry family and his handful of American Beauty roses into a little house outside of Washington.

Georgians Educate Daughters for Life in Eastern Harems
Despite Efforts of Russian Government, White Slave Traffic Flourishes in Asiatic Country. Women All Wear Pantaloons.

A pretty sixteen-year-old maiden, tottering along in her pantaloons with a fetching air of unconsciousness, was the entrancing spectacle which greeted my weary eyes soon after I had crossed the boundary between the Turkish dominions and Georgia and had made some progress in the latter country. When the little Tartar smiled at me, her pretty black eyes, I am sure my jaded little pony pricked up his ears and stepped somewhat lively in spite of his fatigue. Pantaloons! The word of green silk, good people, and all the girls and women in Georgia wear them in the most public places without the slightest concern. It is not inappropriate to say that the Georgia girls are the most beautiful of the conventional things for women. Well, for that matter, they are also—well, at any rate, everything wears "em in Georgia. I may paraphrase a certain popular song, and that's all I do wear except a little red silk waist.

Georgia is indeed the land of beautiful women. I stayed in the country for nearly two months, and exerted all my efforts to investigate the education and care of the young women especially, in view of the fact that they have become so famous all over the world for their beauty. In fact, the beautiful girls have been the curse of their land. Their beauty and charm has been the cause of what you Americans call "white slave traffic." The Russian government has been compelled to legislate against the deportation of them by the "white slaves."

Want to Live in Harems.
I cannot say without a pang of regret that the highest ambition of most of these girls is to become inmates of the harems of Damascus, Baghdad, Constantinople and the other great Eastern cities. Until recently the pretty little girls were sold in lots of a dozen or more, and sent to Paris, London, Vienna and New York. This traffic had become so pernicious to the welfare of the country that the Russian government was compelled to enact laws against it. In spite of the law, however, many of them are still smuggled over.

Ever so many mothers and fathers of the poorer rural classes regard a daughter as a financial asset. She is worth so much to them in hard cash. Many parents educate their daughters to make them ornaments to the harems of the great Eastern potentates and rajahs. Money is ungrudgingly spent on these young beauties. They lead a life of ease. They are manacled, groomed, bathed and pampered in every possible manner. Many parents deem money thus spent on their daughters a paying investment, because they know when the "white slave" comes he will give more for the little maiden if she is carefully manacled and groomed.

In my own native country, and here in America, the greatest prize is put on male children. How happy is the mother and the father with their baby boy! It is just the opposite in Georgia. There everything is joy and happiness when the infant is found to be a girl. The father and mother know that they have received a great asset, for which some day they will be paid a handsome price. They have no doubt that their little Miriam will be beautiful. They picture her luminous brown eyes, her long lashes, her

Things went rapidly from bad to worse. Brady had neither money nor the knack of picking up odd jobs. His oldest son was still too young for responsibility, and the sons of the others, in regular succession, diminished punctually by a year. His wife was frail, out of patience with poverty, and worn to exhaustion with the care of children.

Brady had no other part of this bleak period by observing the Spanish proverb, "Patience, and shuffle the cards." No stress of want could make him part with his rose bushes. Though he regarded him as a sort of monomaniac on this subject, but her noblest possessions into the task of undoing his resolve.

To his reiterated tales of the fortune that would come to him some day through the American Beauty rose, Mrs. Brady reasonably replied that she and the children were hungry that very day and hour, and that more than her soul was sick with grief deferred.

But some presence of the inherent value of his rose kept Brady obdurate to appeals, domestic or professional.

Made Offer to Brady.
The world of fashion had all but forgotten the interregnum of the American Beauty in the Bancroft gardens. Rose culturists had thought many of them, and had never uttered its heyday. Only a few of the more observant had remembered that the treasured bushes had been a legacy from Bancroft to his gardener.

One of these last was the elder of the Field brothers, wholesale florists on the old Seventh Street road, outside of Washington. They made constant offers to Brady—offers which, from the point of view of their own position, were some enough. But they seemed beneath contempt to the gardener who dreamed of empire.

Not so, however, to Mrs. Brady. She wept, cajoled, threatened. She conjured her husband, in the name of humanity, not to let his children starve before his very eyes. He made her no reply, other than by the crushing method of leaving the house, to take counsel of his dreams outside.

It was on one of these forlorn occasions that Mrs. Brady's patience snapped, and her loyalty faltered. She seized the pampered rose bushes, made haste to Field Bros., and sold them, one and all, for scarcely more than the price of a single meal.

Right Sold for \$5,000.
Matters went merrily with the roses he had made. Field Bros., by skillful advertising, were able to sell their exclusive right to the reproduction of the American Beauty in ten years for \$5,000. With a year ten times that amount was being paid for it by enthusiastic purchasers here and abroad.

For ten years past a moderate estimate of the amount of money spent annually all over the world for American Beauty roses is \$2,000,000.

John Brady is still homeless in Washington. His wife and the famished children have died. He has no money. He himself is the recipient of constant small charities from Washington florists, any of whom will give him bits of work, spraying or cutting, when his bargaining is held to life task. Once in a long while circumstances will draw him back among the men and women he knew in the Bancroft gardens, but his appearances in public grow more and more seldom.

favorite drinking place for women. Young girls who wish a sweetheart make a pilgrimage to St. David's. First they drink of the miraculous spring, then they walk around the church twice. After this they take a small pebble and hold it against the wall of the church for a few seconds. If the pebble sticks they will find their sweetheart. If it falls to the earth they must go unmarried. Married women who successfully go through this ceremony will give birth to a child. Every person who visits the holy place carries a stone up with them. The stones are used to repair the church. Tartars form a very important part of the population of Georgia. They do not settle in the towns and villages, but wander about the country, very much as gypsies do in Western countries. They are strong, mainly fellows, and have a peculiar way of life. As they have already pointed out, one of their pretty girls was the first female I met in Georgia. Their girls and women ride astride, and handle their horses with as much ease as an American girl handles a bicycle. The Lezgians are a branch of the Tartar race, and are notorious marauders. They, above all else, have kept Georgia a long way down on the list of nations. The farmer has to have an armed guard with him while plowing in the fields. I have often seen the weak Georgian farmer plodding along behind his horses with two armed men, one in front and one behind him. No farmer will spend any appreciable amount of money on his farm on account of these marauders. The great landlords employ guards to protect the property against them.

Make Delicious Wine.
The most delicious wine in the world is made in this out-of-the-way place. The country landholders have the most "exact" champagne I have ever tasted. They have the art of making it just so dry that it touches the palate in its most "tasty" spot. These Georgians who are so ready to give away their money, do not sell their daughters as do the poorer country people. They live happily, educate their girls and boys in Tiflis, Moscow or St. Petersburg.

Tiflis was founded by King Kahtvarg in 500 A. D. This was the historical beginning of the Georgian nation. It was founded by a Georgian prince, who was dependent on Turkey, Persia, and is now subject to Russia. To what race the Georgians belong has not been satisfactorily determined by anthropologists. Prof. Max Müller has affiliated them with the Caucasian race on evidence adduced from their language. While I have made no extensive investigations along this line, I believe that the Georgians are a distinct race, with their own language, their own features, their national spirit, their history, all point to Caucasian affiliations.

Tiflis has come to be quite a modern city. It has a new theater, which would do credit to Paris. Tram cars run throughout the city. The Golovinski Prospect is among the most beautiful promenades in the world. It is lined with all sorts of curious shops and stores on both sides. Every afternoon when the weather permits a military band plays on the fashionable portion of the street. These events bring forth all the grandeur and beauty of this curious city. Beautiful Georgian, Turkish, and Russian women ride slowly through the crowded streets with their husbands, who are officials in most cases. Picturesque and beautiful as the city is, it has a new theater, which would do credit to Paris. Tram cars run throughout the city. The Golovinski Prospect is among the most beautiful promenades in the world. It is lined with all sorts of curious shops and stores on both sides. Every afternoon when the weather permits a military band plays on the fashionable portion of the street. 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